Discover

Bounty Worth Claiming

sci-fi space-opera

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Chapter 1 by Tanner Luker

Sometimes, I really hate my job. Granted it's one of the most exciting jobs in the system right now, but it could also kill you. Kind of like what was about to happen to me. I'd been backed into a corner by a group of Nightstalkers, some of the nastiest pieces of work are here on Primus. They can move faster than anyone can register, and have a ludicrous amount of natural weaponry. Poison, claws, teeth, spikes, spurs? You name it, chances are one breed or another had it. Luckily for me, though, I could easily match their speed. Unluckily for me I could only take on one at a time on my best days. Right now there were at least ten, and they were getting angry. Usually they were calm, methodical, and strategic. That gave me an advantage; I was smarter than these things and I was always able to outthink them. But if they swarmed over me in an angry tide I had no chance whatsoever.

My ears twitched as the Nightstalkers begin to advance. I'd resigned myself to my fate, but then I heard another sound, the sound of a sabre flare. I peeked over the rock I was hiding behind and what I saw gave me more hope than I'd had in a while. Squall was back and moving so fast I could barely see him. That could only mean one thing; he'd overclocked his armor. His power reserves wouldn't last long, I needed to help him. Two of the Nightstalkers were dead before I

front paws as it collided with the electric barrier. I sliced its chest open midair as it recoiled off of the shield. Without stopping I turned and saw more getting ready to pounce at me. I looked to Squall for help, but he was too occupied with another pair of Nightstalkers and was rapidly slowing down from his just as rapidly depleting power supply. Two more of them leaped at me and I had no choice but to overclock my own sabres. In an electric bang and a flash of light the blades increased in length by a whole two feet, easily giving me more reach than the Nightstalkers. The two currently in the air were cleanly cut in half by the blazing laser-blades and the rest were about to meet the same fate. Just as the corpses hit the ground I heard Squall yell "Get down!" I already knew what was about to happen. I dove to my left and rolled out of it and at the same time Squall's arm-mounted plasma cannon discharged. The shot exploded, electrifying the first Nightstalker and arcing into the other two. They all dropped to the floor either dead or unconscious. Either way we were safe for now. The whole battle had only taken 30 seconds, if that. Squall dropped to his knees, then his chest. His armor, having lost all its power reserves, retreated into its housing along Squall's spine, revealing his civilian awkward phrasing gear and weaponry. He raised his sweaty and bruised head to prove his arrogance wasn't broken. "Heh, I win. uuuhhhn." His head dropped as he passed out.

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8 (1 draft)

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